

PS 3165

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of Sunlight



EASTER

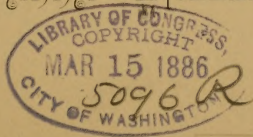




RAYS OF SUNLIGHT,


BY

ANNA WHEELER. *



New York 1886

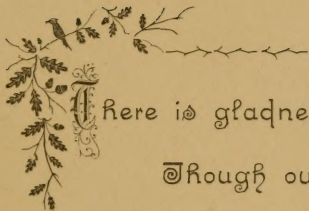
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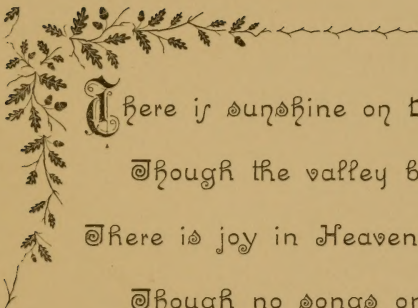


There is gladness at Easter-tide,

Though our bent be spent in tears.

There is joy among the angels,

Though they've passed here, weary years.

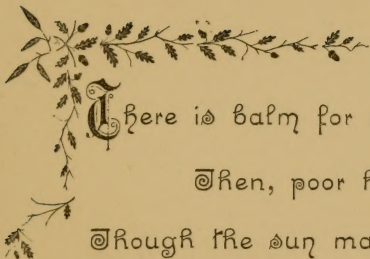


There is sunshine on the hill-top,

Though the valley be in shade,

There is joy in Heaven's choir,

Though no songs on Earth are made.



There is balm for all who suffer,

Then, poor heart, be not distressed:

Though the sun may oft be hidden,

There is God, who knoweth best!



There is One who is so tender,

Through the World will pass us by.

There's a Crown He is extending,--


Through the battle now is nigh.

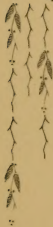


There is Love for every sinner,

Though in our guilt He sees us:

There is Peace for each, remember,

Who takes all care to Jesus. 



There is sunlight in the thought,
Though there's darkness where we kneel:
"There is on Earth no sorrow,--
That Heaven cannot heal!"



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